Thursday March 22, 17.

Dear, dear, Joe: —

What a wonderful day our birthday is! It is not to be wondered at — for besides it being in celebration of the, or rather our, holiday, it is the second day of Spring. It is one beautiful Spring day — and so happy was I to see it, that I left my coat off. I simply wore my blue serge dress with my furs. Who can stand a coat in this weather?

Have been thinking about you all day wondering if you were happy — where you could possibly be and what you could possibly be doing.

will you?

I don't know what is the matter with me — I must have spring weather. Sleepy! I could most sleep standing up! Sadie did not feel well last night, and I tried to make her as comfortable as possible — perhaps my not having a thru sleep is the cause of it — but, by Golly — I sure am sleepy. Early to bed when I get home to-night — and I hope Sadie's indigestion is cured! But this really is rare — and I was frightened to death, when she finally was relieved I was too awake to fall asleep again.

Why did you go to the theatre all alone? You should have had some company — couldn't Lee have gone with you? It's no enjoyment to sit alone — I know for I was lonesome even with a party of friends — lonesome for you, all day Sunday. Don't do it again, Joe. I know that during the week you take little or no recreation — I know it — and it is the very worst possible thing you can do. And then this is the way you spend your Sunday — . Don't you see that it is all wrong? Do come, now, spend your Sundays happily and with company — not only your Sundays but your spare evenings as well;

Oh, your picture is darling. Every time I look at it, I just feel as though it were you. I never saw such a wonderful picture — That expression in the eyes and that smile, which is so characteristic, could belong to no one else but to my Joe. I love it as I love you. Everybody that comes to see me, sees you, and receives an introduction to you. Even if my mouth didn't wish to speak of you — my heart — and I guess my eyes do. It is the standing joke of the family now — the picture — and I make everyone acknowledge that you are the charmingest and best looking person they ever met or intend to meet.

Loongley — Loots (I like that name).